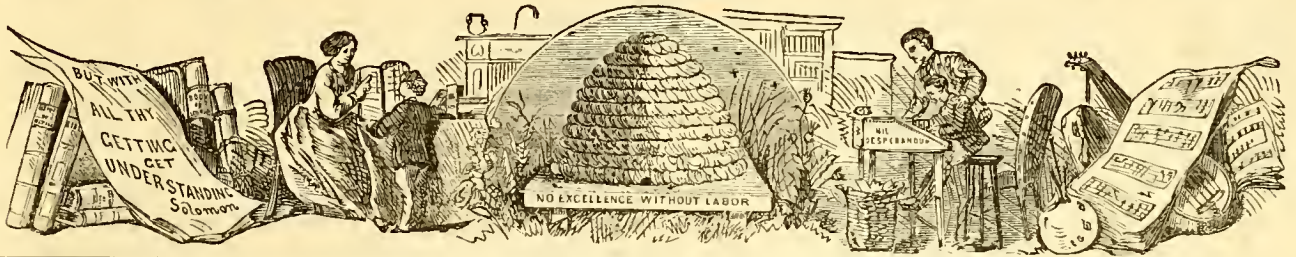


# Holiness to the Lord!

## The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 5.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

NO. 26.

### A TRUE STORY.

SINCE the first settlement of this Territory to the present time, thousands of instances have occurred in which the Latter-day Saints have saved the lives of emigrant strangers, men, women and children, passing through from the Eastern States on their way to the gold mines of California. As an interesting incident of this kind, I will now tell my young readers the following true story, which was told to me by Elder Jude Allen. I will give Brother Allen's own language as near as I can recollect it:

"A little over nine years ago Brothers Chester Loveland, James May and myself moved to this place, which is seven miles north of Brigham City, Box Elder County. As there were no settlers north of us, and none nearer to the southward than Brigham City, it was thought by some, that we would be in danger from the Indians, but we treated the red men kindly, feeding them when they were hungry, and they never meddled with us. On a September morning, in 1863, we three brethren had just hitched our teams to our wagons, as we intended going to the cañon, when two young men, who appeared to be weary, hungry and footsore, and in great distress, approached us. They informed us that they belonged to a company of emigrants who were on their way from Iowa to California, and that, when about 100 miles North Eastward from this place the company was attacked, plundered and shot at by Indians, and that they had left the party to obtain succor for the distressed people. The knowledge that a number of our fellow-creatures were famishing for food and exposed to such dangers, filled our souls with a longing desire to save them, and we were determined, at all risks, with God's blessing, to do it. It was not a time to speak but to act, so but few words were said. We got together what provisions we could, and, in a few moments were traveling along as rapidly as possible to aid and rescue the unfortunate emigrants. After going ninety miles we found the party at a place called Cedar Pass, to the northeast of Malad Valley. When we came up to them the scene that took place cannot be described. The joy of the poor creatures was so great that the tears streamed down their faces like rain, and they would shout, laugh and weep by turns. We who, in the providence of God, were made instruments for their preservation, could not help weeping and rejoicing with them.

"These people had been wandering about in the brush for nine days from the time of the attack till we found them, and had lived on berries, rosebuds, grass, &c., and were in a state of starvation. We gave them something to eat and then learned the following particulars:

"The company numbered forty-five souls in all, and had fifteen wagons and one carriage. The Indians made a sudden attack upon them, took all the teams, wagons and the carriage. The people ran into a patch of willows and hid themselves, and, as they were religious people, being Methodists, commenced praying for deliverance.

"The Indians kept firing into the willows, and a member of the company, a man, was shot through the wrist, then a woman was shot through the breast, and a poor little child was also severely wounded. These things caused the people to think it was time to stop praying and commence shooting, so those who had guns opened fire on the Indians, who then left, taking the teams, wagons, &c., with them. The two young men who brought us the news of the affair, being stronger than the rest, were enabled to leave the company in order to obtain assistance.

"Those who were unable to walk we put into the wagons, and we commenced to travel towards our little settlement. On the way we learned from Mr. Smith, an aged gentleman, who was the recognized head of the company, that most of the people were related to him. He stated that he had heard that the 'Mormons' were a very wicked people, and wanted to know whether he would be killed when he went among them. We told him the stories he had heard about the Latter-day Saints were lies, and that he and his people would be as kindly treated by them as by any other people in the world. He told us he lived in Iowa, on the opposite side of the river from Nauvoo, at the time of the mobbing, driving and persecuting of the Latter-day Saints. He then heard that property was being sold cheap in Nauvoo, and crossed the river with the intention of purchasing, but when he saw the sufferings of the people who were being driven from their homes by bad and lawless men; his heart was touched, and he determined to have no hand in the matter by buying property of which the owners were being robbed. He also stated that a Latter-day Saint Elder once visited his house in Iowa, and, in course of conversation, the Elder said, 'You will yet go to Utah.' He said he had always remembered that saying, and had been determined never to go to Utah, and in order to avoid this Territory he had gone around by way of Soda Springs, and by the head of Malad Valley. 'Yet,' says he, 'here I am going to Utah.' He thought there was something strange in this incident; but of course it was nothing strange to us, knowing as we did that God honors the words of His faithful Elders, however men may endeavor to avoid their fulfillment.

"After traveling a considerable distance we arrived at a crossing of Bear River, where we found a train of emi-



grants who were bound from the Eastern States to California, and it so happened that the people whom we had just rescued had many friends and acquaintances in the train, and they took them along, on their journey westward, excepting Mr. Smith, his son and his son's wife, the latter being the woman who was shot through the breast. She was a very amiable lady, and, in fact, the three were well-disposed, well-behaved persons. They resided in Utah during that winter, and their relatives sending money to them in the spring, they left with a high opinion of the hospitality, morality and general goodness of the Latter-day Saints."

J. N.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

## PITCAIRNS ISLAND AND MUTINEERS OF THE "BOUNTY."

**M**UTINIES and desert islands have been the foundation of many fictitious narratives written by story writers; but we propose to tell the readers of the *JUVENILE* a true story about a mutiny and an island in the Pacific Ocean which was peopled by the mutineers. First of all we shall explain the meaning of the term mutiny, which will enable our readers to understand the incidents of our story all the better. A mutiny then, is a resistance made unitedly by a number of men against those in authority over them: a kind of rebellion. The term is used more especially about resistance by the majority of men on board ships while at sea, against the authority of their officers. Such events are often very cruel and blood-thirsty, and are the cause of much needless destruction of human life:

It is an account of a mutiny on board the English ship *Bounty*, and the results which followed it in peopling the Island of Pitcairn that we wish to relate.

In the latter part of the last century the British government sent the ship *Bounty* to the island of Tahiti, for the purpose of importing plants of the bread fruit tree from that French colony to some of the British colonies in the West Indies, in order to introduce their culture there if possible.

The ship arrived at Tahiti at a wrong season of the year, for transplanting, and had to stay in port for six months. During this time an intimacy was formed between the sailors of the *Bounty* and some of the natives, and they were reluctant to leave. However, when the time for transplanting arrived, Captain Bligh, commander of the *Bounty*, procured the number of plants he desired and set sail for the West Indies. This was in the year 1789. A few days after sailing a mutiny broke out on board the *Bounty*, in which the greater part of the sailors took part. They succeeded in overpowering the Captain and all who remained faithful to him, and sent them adrift on the ocean in an open boat. The sailors then returned with the ship to Tahiti, where all but nine of them landed and stayed. These nine persuaded nine native men and the same number of native women to go aboard the *Bounty*, when they set sail and no tidings were heard of them for years, and the belief was pretty general that the mutineers were drowned.

In the year 1818 Captain Folger, of Nantucket, while on a sealing voyage in the Pacific, called at the Island of Pitcairn, and there found a colony of people numbering about seventy, most of whom, judging by their color, were the children of white and copper-colored parents. Among them was one white man named Adams, and, upon inquiry, Captain Folger learned from him that he was one

of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, and that most of the people on the island were the descendants of the mutineers and of the Tahitian women. Adams was the only one of the mutineers living, and he informed Captain Folger that upon settling at Pitcairn's Island the mutineers had married the Tahitian women, and made slaves of the men. The temperature was found to be pleasant, and the soil fertile, and produced several kinds of nice fruit, and they had managed to live comfortably, and had built themselves good habitations. Not long after their arrival the Tahitian men rebelled at being made slaves of, and their white masters put them all to death as a matter of safety. The discovery of the location of the mutineers created, when the belief had been long entertained that they had been lost at sea, quite an excitement throughout Europe and America, and an account of it was published in every civilized land.

This interest died away in a few years, and public attention was not again directed to the Pitcairners until fifteen or sixteen years ago, when benevolent people in England and Australia, thinking it would be for their benefit, paid for their removal from Pitcairn to Norfolk Island, in the South Pacific Ocean, a dependency of the British colony of New South Wales.

The number of the islanders at the time of removal was about two hundred, and to some out of the number, the change was so distasteful that in two or three years after seventeen of them returned to Pitcairn.

Public attention has just been again called to these islanders, who, from seventeen in 1856, have increased to seventy in 1870. It seems that they are very badly off for clothing; and, although well off for food, as fruit, and goats and wild pigs abound among them, they have no facilities for manufacturing their clothing, and as "their island lies out of the track usually taken by ships at sea, their chances for procuring clothing are very limited, and at the present time, their women are destitute. In a letter recently delivered to the captain of a ship, which chanced to call at Pitcairn, they make an appeal to Christendom, which, owing to the peculiarity of their position and circumstances, will doubtless soon be responded to and relief sent.

The island was discovered in 1767 by Admiral Carteret; and was named after the officer on board his ship who first saw it. If any of our readers who possess a good map, will examine the Pacific Ocean, and find latitude 25 degrees and 3 minutes, south; and longitude 130 degrees 8 minutes, west, they will find a small spot representing Pitcairn's Island.

**KIND WORDS.**—They never blister the tongue nor lips, and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath, and it makes them blaze more freely.

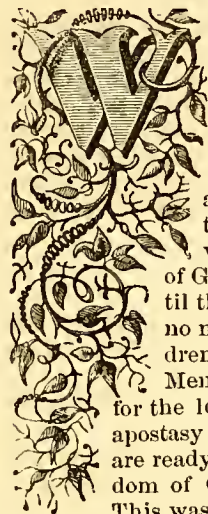
Kind words make of her people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush for all other kind of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and boisterous words, and warlike words.

Kind words also produce their own image in men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe and comfort and quiet the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.



## Biography.

### JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



WHEN Jesus, our Savior, was on the earth he said to his disciples: "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." These words are as true and as applicable to his Saints to-day as they were when he spoke them. The world hateth the truth and the servants of God. It always did; it always will, until the time shall come that Satan will have no more power over the hearts of the children of men. The world loveth its own. Men who are on the verge of apostasy seek for the love of the world; it is a sure sign of apostasy when they do so. It shows that they are ready to sell out their interest in the Kingdom of God for the perishable things of earth.

This was the position of Rigdon and his associates; they wished to make terms with the world to gain its favor, to be well-received by it. The wicked looked at his movements with pleasure. They applauded all his attempts to destroy the Church. Apostates who, while he was in fellowship with Joseph and the Twelve Apostles, despised and ridiculed him and called him hard names, now were favorable and friendly to him. He in turn manifested the same feeling to them. He sought their society and they sought his, and they appeared to be mutually pleased with one another. While the wicked had hopes that he would injure the work of God, and weaken or destroy the influence of the servants of God, they manifested much interest in his movements, not because they had any real liking or respect for him and his companions, for they had not; but because they hoped he would be successful in his base designs. When, however, they saw that he had no success in his schemes, and that the work of God prospered, notwithstanding all his efforts and opposition, they ceased to pay any attention to him, and his movements no longer possessed the least interest for them. They did not persecute him, for he was a traitor, neither did they notice him. But President Young, the Twelve Apostles and the Saints associated with them, the wicked both feared and hated. They were never lost sight of. All the persecution that they had experienced during Joseph's lifetime was still continued unto them now that he was dead. They still had reason to know that they were chosen out of the world, for the world still continued to hate them. What a true sign was this, showing which were the servants and Church of Jesus Christ! On the one hand Rigdon having the favor and friendship of apostates and other wicked persons, and on the other hand President Young and his brethren having their enmity and bitter hatred. Who with any of the light of the Spirit could doubt as to which were of the world and which were chosen out of the world?

The same sign holds good in these days. There has been apostasy lately in this city. Men who were members of the Church have thought there was no necessity for the Latter-day Saints to have the ill-will of the world. So they have denied the faith, forsaken the Church,

become traitors to the truth and to their former brethren, and have gone over to the world. Of course they cannot serve two masters—God and mammon—they will either hate the one and love the other, or else they will hold to the one and despise the other. They have started out to court the world and its favor, and have taken mammon as the object of their worship. Apostates and traitors have hailed them as good fellows; they have praised what they call their independence and have said all they could to encourage them, and the world, too, while it cared nothing for them personally, has rejoiced at their actions, because it hoped they would be successful in arresting the progress of the work of God. This has been done, not because men admired them—for all men in their hearts despise traitors, even apostates themselves have no real confidence in each other—but because the world has hoped that they would be the means of breaking down the influence of the priesthood and overthrowing the work of God. They have been disappointed in their hopes, and these apostates, like those who have gone before them, are ceasing to obtain the notoriety and favor which they coveted, and they will soon pass into oblivion.

Truly the words of the Savior have been again fulfilled: "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." President Young, his fellow-servants and the Saints have had none of the love of the world. These latter apostates, like former ones, say that he and the Church have gone astray; but that they, themselves, are right and acceptable before the Lord. But towards which does the world show favor? Does it have any greater love for President Young and the Saints or show them any more favor now than it did when they were driven into this wilderness? Everybody knows that it does not. Do the apostates and the wicked like them any better than they did? Do they speak well of them, or associate with them? There never was a time when they had greater enmity to President Young and the Church than now. They hate them as much to day as Rigdon and his companions did when they denied the faith. If the wicked spoke well of them, if apostates took delight in their society, if the world was friendly to them, then there would be cause to fear that something was not right; for these are results that have attended apostasy.

WHERE FLOWERS CAME FROM.—Some of our flowers came from countries all ice and snow, and some from islands in the ocean. Three of our sweetest exotics came originally from Peru. The Camelia was carried to England in 1839; and a few years afterward the heliotrope, and mignonette. Several others came from the Cape of Good Hope; a very large calla was found in ditches there, and some of the most brilliant geraniums, or pelargoniums, which are a spurious geranium. The verbena grows wild in Brazil. The marigold is an African flower, and a number came from China and Japan. The little Dapne was carried to England by Captain Ross, from almost the farthest land he visited toward the North Pole. Some of these are quite changed in form by cultivation; others have only become larger and brighter; while others, despite of all the florists and the shelter of hot-houses, fall short of the beauty and fragrance of the tropics.

Among the improved ones is the dahlia. When brought to Europe it was a very simple blossom, a single circle of dark petals surrounding a mass of yellow ones. Others with scarlet and orange petals were soon after transplanted from Mexico, but still remained simple flowers. Long years of cultivation in rich soil, with other arts of the skillful florist, have changed it to what it is now—a round ball of beauty.—*Selected.*



# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**O**NE of the greatest prophets of ancient times was Elisha. He was the companion of another great prophet, Elijah. The Lord had commanded Elijah to anoint Elisha to be prophet in his stead, and as he came to where Elisha was ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen, he passed by him and cast his mantle upon him. Elisha seemed to have the spirit and to understand immediately what the Lord wanted of him; for he ran after Elijah and asked permission of him to kiss his father and his mother and then he said, he would follow him. It seems as if Elijah desired to test him to see what he would do; he replied to him: "Go back again: for what have I done to thee?" But Elisha was not to be put off so easily; he did follow Elijah and served him.

To serve a man of God was viewed as an honorable labor in olden times; and, in fact, many of the greatest men who lived in those days did not think themselves degraded by being servants to men who were not very good. Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, David, Elisha and Daniel, were all very great and noble men, yet, at some period of their lives, they were servants to others, and doubtless did their work faithfully. A man who is not a good, faithful servant is not likely to be one that can be trusted as a master or leader. Joshua was a servant to Moses, whom he succeeded as leader of Israel; Elisha was a servant to Elijah whom he also succeeded as prophet.

The works which Elisha did were very mighty. He had been asked by Elijah what he should do for him before he should be taken away from him. Elisha's request was an excellent one. It was that a double portion of the spirit of Elijah might rest upon him. Elijah confessed that this was a hard thing, nevertheless, he said, if Elisha should see him when he was taken from him it should be granted unto him: but if not, it should not be. We are not told whether Elisha received a double portion of the spirit or not; but it is altogether likely he did, as he saw the horses and chariot of fire by which Elijah was carried up into heaven; and from that moment he was endowed with great power. There were very many interesting events in his life, and one occurrence after his death which is very remarkable. We will relate the latter.

Shortly after Elisha's death the bands of the Moabites invaded the land of Canaan, and one day, as the people were burying a man, they saw a band of men in the distance. They were frightened at their appearance, and being near the sepulchre of Elisha, they threw the man into it. When the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived and stood up on his feet. There was efficacy and power, you see by this, even in his bones. But the event in his career which we wished to call your attention to particularly, happened shortly after Elijah had been taken away from his sight.

Elisha was going up by the road to Bethel when some little

children came forth out of the city and mocked him. It is probable that he was bald-headed, from the fact that they called after him. "Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head." They had probably heard some grown people speaking evil of Elisha, and making sport of the story which was told about Elijah going up to heaven. There were wicked people then as well as now; though we scarcely think they were quite so bad then as they are now. In these days if two men were to go off by themselves as Elijah and Elisha did, and one of them should disappear, they would suspect the other of having murdered him. This would be the feeling if the one who came back was a "Mormon," and especially so if he was to say that he had seen his companion taken up to heaven with a chariot and horses of fire. Such men as have been sent here as judges would soon gather a jury together, have the case brought up and the man convicted, and if they could, they would take his life. But though Elijah was a very famous man, well known to the kings of Israel and Judah and to the two nations at large, Elisha was not accused or even suspected, that we can learn, of having made away with him. By this we conclude that they were not so wicked in those days as the people are in these.

The little children mocked him, however. He turned back and looked upon them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. If we had the history of those days in full, we would, doubtless, find that there were other reasons for Elisha cursing these children besides their mocking and calling him names. Mark what respect the Lord has to the words of his prophets and faithful servants! Two she-bears came forth out of the wood and tore forty-two of those children to pieces. Thus, because they called a prophet of God names and mocked him, they perished miserably. How much better it would have been for these children and their parents if, instead of calling forth a curse from Elisha, they had treated him so kindly that he would have been prompted to bless them. The blessing of such a man was of great worth unto all those people. And so it is to-day, the blessings of a prophet of God are greatly to be desired, and their curse is something to be dreaded.

Children should be careful to avoid the great folly of the children of Bethel; they should respect the authority and priesthood of God, and never do or say anything that would bring a condemnation or curse upon them.

**E**IGHTEEN hundred and seventy is nearly closed, and with its close is completed the Fifth Volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. In looking back to its commencement, we can scarcely realize that so long a period has elapsed. But it is a fact that five years have passed away since its first publication—five eventful years, in which many of the boys who first read its pages have grown to manhood, and many of the little boys and girls, who could only look at its pictures, have made such progress in their studies that they now are among its eager readers. We have reason to believe that the five volumes of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR have been of great benefit to many, and that they have been perused with great pleasure by those who have subscribed for them. If they have had as great pleasure in reading them as we have had in writing for and preparing them, then we think we have strong reasons to be satisfied; for there is no labor of our life, of this kind, that we ever enjoyed as we have that which has been devoted to this little paper. Through the pressure of other duties, we have been compelled to do much of our writing for its columns at hours when others were in bed, or at hours which are usually devoted to relaxation; but this has been no drawback to the joy we have had in performing this work. It is with no desire to boast, we say, after five years' publishing, that we have



conscientiously striven to make it a paper worthy in every respect of its subscribers—a paper in which no unworthy thoughts, no incorrect ideas or doctrines should ever find place. How nearly we have accomplished this, the public, of course, must judge. Whatever errors may have crept in, have been suffered to pass unwittingly. In saying this we do not intend to convey the idea that there have been no shortcomings connected with the paper. There have been many, and probably no one has seen these plainer than the editor. We have reason, however, to know that our subscribers have been lenient to these and have overlooked them. It is still our intention to try and correct them, and to have the paper as near faultless as it can be. In order that it may meet with still wider circulation, and be read in every household in the Territory, we shall publish the forthcoming volume at the reduced price of \$2.50, and where cash is paid, in advance, will make a discount. We trust our friends in every settlement will aid us in spreading it among the people. With the present number of subscribers, and at the proposed reduced rate, the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be published at a loss to the editor; but we hope that this will be made up by an increase of subscribers. Admitting advertisements would enable us to publish it at a lower rate; but they would be unsuitable, we think, for its columns, and, therefore have never thought of inserting them.

We trust to maintain our pleasant and familiar acquaintance and friendship with all our readers, and though a JUVENILE paper, we wish it to be an INSTRUCTOR of more than the Juveniles; we wish in its columns to say to parents

—“what a holy charge  
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love  
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind;  
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow  
Good seed before the world has sown its tares.”

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

## Chemistry of Common Things.

SOMETIMES it is not required to ascertain the exact proportion in which elements exist in minerals, but merely to determine the kind of elements. This kind of analysis is called “qualitative,” because it only shows the quality, without determining the quantity of the constituents. For this purpose certain substances are used which are called “tests.” If we dissolve a little copper in an acid, and then dilute it, by placing a strip of clean iron in it, a deposit of metallic copper will be formed upon the surface of the iron; this is a test of the presence of that metal in the solution. If a salt of copper is dissolved in some water, the common blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) may be used by way of experiment, the same kind of reaction takes place. If a drop of this solution is placed upon a slip of glass, by adding ammonia to it the drop assumes an *azure blue* color, this is another test for copper. Potash, applied as a test, will deposit a *green precipitate*. An infusion of galls will give a *brown precipitate*. There are many other “tests” which by-and-bye may be spoken of. The sulphides of copper—the oxides and carbonates may be shown to contain copper by testing their solutions.

Suppose we would test for lead, the same colors may not be produced by the presence of that metal; infusion of galls, for instance, that gives with copper a *brown*, gives with lead a *white precipitate*; the same infusion with iron gives a *black precipitate*. If we use the sulphate of soda

(Glauber's salts) we get a *white precipitate* from a solution of lead. Suppose we want to ascertain the *quantity* of an ore of lead, such as the carbonate, a kind that is being reduced at our smelting works. This frequently has a greenish color, caused by the green oxide of copper mixed with it. First roast the ore, powder it, pour on it, gradually, some nitric acid (aqua fortis) diluted by its own weight of water. Effervescence will begin and continue until the carbonic acid is expelled. After effervescence has ceased decant the clear liquid, that is, pour off the solution into a tall glass jar. Now for the test. Make a solution of sulphate of soda by putting the sulphate in distilled water; this may be kept for use, as it will be useful for many other purposes. Keep adding the test drop by drop, as long as the white powder continues to fall. This precipitate is sulphate of lead; an exchange of elements has taken place, the nitric acid of the solution has forsaken the lead and united with the soda of the sulphate, the sulphuric acid of the sulphate has united to the lead.

Now, there *may* be copper in the remaining solution, to determine which we can use the tests indicated above. If we would precipitate this, the same mode before described will cause it to be precipitated, namely, a plate of clean iron, or zinc.

Should we, however, prefer a “quantitative” analysis, the same mode is pursued, only we weigh the ore and the precipitates obtained. In that case take a definite quantity of ore, say 100 grains, add to this in the flask 100 grains of the nitric acid diluted by 100 grains of water. By noticing the weight, lost by the effervescence (that is, by the separation of the carbonic acid (C<sub>2</sub>O) from the oxides of copper and lead) the weight of carbonic acid is determined. Next by washing and drying the sulphate of lead precipitated, the weight of the lead may be known, either by melting it, or by chemical equivalents. In the same way the quantity of copper may be ascertained; or by noting the difference of weight in the iron plate used to precipitate the copper, the same as described in the former assay.

It is, however, from galena (sulphuret of lead) that the chief supplies of lead are obtained for the market. This always contains a small percentage of silver, sometimes sufficient to pay the expense of extracting it, in some countries 12 to 14 ounces to the ton, (about 15 to 18 dollars) is considered a good paying rate for separating the silver. The lead of our mountains is much richer than this, and sometimes mounts up to hundreds of dollars per ton. The different ways in which this separation is effected will be described in future articles.

BETH.

FEMALE TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Oh, we can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold, it captivates more than beauty, and to the end of life, retains all its freshness and power.



## THE YOUNG LADIES' COLUMN.

*The following was written for, and read before the Young Ladies' Department of the Retrenchment Association of the 19th Ward:*

"*Beloved Sisters* :—We truly feel to thank God for the honor He has conferred upon us, and for the privileges which we to-day enjoy. We certainly are engaged in a great and glorious work ; yes, greater than we are able to realize, and perhaps greater than we are able to perform. But we must follow the example of our parents, and remember, "There is no such word as fail ;" for, as long as we know that God and all good and sensible people are on our side, we feel strong and firm in our purpose. There is that sense of right within us, which urges us on and bids us conquer. What need we care, for the scoffs and scorns of those who are ignorant concerning true worth and beauty, when we have the smiles and approbation of our Heavenly Father, and also that within us, which assures us we are right. What is true beauty? Is it not the mild and heavenly countenance which is beaming with the spirit of God? Is it not the humble, kind, and amiable, who look the most beautiful To us it is.

Dear Sisters : What are we here for? Did God place us here for the purpose of wasting the short and precious time which we are permitted to live? No! be assured He did not. He placed us here for something of far more importance than this, and expects us to give a solemn and strict account of our time while here.

We have the privilege of storing up the most rare and priceless gems for eternity ; gems which are of far more value, and which fade not, but which grow brighter as time speeds on, and not as those which deck our mortal bodies. Are we such senseless, imperceptible beings that we fail to see the necessity of living for something nobler, purer, and better than the trivial frivolity of fashion?

Oh! sisters, let us rouse up with our whole energy, and live for truth and justice, for life and light, for God and eternity. Life is uncertain, and none of us know how soon we may be called to "leave this frail existence," how soon we may be robed in spotless white for the grave. Then let us, one and all, prepare and make ourselves ready to pass into a better and purer world, where evils do not exist.

MISS LONA PRATT.

August, 1870.

## LIFE IN A LAPLAND VILLAGE.

IN a late number of *Chambers' Journal* there is a sketch of travel in Lapland worth reading. The writer, speaking of a little inland town, says:—

Quickjock wore its gayest aspect. The Lapps had come thither from all parts, to attend the service in the little church. St. John's Day is their great festival, on which they commemorate the arrival of summer. The pastor had at least twenty mouths to supply with food, and every morning two boats set off with their nets to the lake for the day's supply. They would return about 11 a. m. with a large quantity of fish, but it was never too large for the consumers, who would each of them consume six pounds as easily as one, if it were set before them. Nothing was left for the morrow. They subsist entirely on fish, milk and rye-bread. The harmless little people pleased the travelers immensely. "There was a nice little couple,"

says Capt. Hutchinsou, "we took a great fancy to; and after much consultation, decided to our satisfaction which was the boy and which the girl. As both men and women have long hair, and neither whiskers nor beard, and dress alike in high, blue cloth billycock hats, and reindeer skin coats and leggings, it is almost impossible to distinguish them. We asked how old they were, and whether they belonged to the school. The laugh was against us when we found the gentleman to be twenty-six, and the lady, his wife, twenty-four—instead of fourteen and twelve, as we had settled them to be."

In this lovely living Lilliput, potatoes are the size of walnuts, lamb steaks as big as larks, and a calf about the dimensions of a large cat. No doctor is within a hundred miles, for the Lapps are never ill until just before they die; and the one doctor, even, at Lulea, is in despair at the want of patients. The effects of climate are very curious to watch. The summer had set in and everything seemed to be growing by steam, though Quickjock lies at such an altitude that an hour's walk up any of the mountains round would bring one to perpetual snow. With the warmth come the mosquitoes, which are as troublesome to the natives as to visitors, and are prepared against by covering the tops of the chimneys with sods of earth, and kept out by never opening the windows at all, and the doors only for the indispensable amount of ingress and egress.

On Sunday morning the travelers had a grand opportunity for seeing the whole of the little settlement dressed in their best. The Lapps were in their "go-to-meeting" skins and numerous beads and jewels. The Swedes were in black cloth dress suits. Even the children wear swallow-tailed coats and trousers; and a more comical-looking little creature could not well be imagined than a tiny boy of four years old whom we saw airing himself with his back to the fire, his hands under the coat-tails, just like the good old English gentleman all of the olden time! There are seats in the church for one hundred and fifty, but twenty persons composed the congregation. Three hours' journey from the little town is Waldi Spiket, with a conical peak, surmounting a sheer precipice of one thousand feet, and range after range of snow-clad mountains rising one above the other beyond it. There is first-rate shooting to be had in the neighborhood, ptarmigan, hares, wood-grouse and dotterel; and in the low-lands in front of the village, golden-eye, widgeon, teal, scaup, velvet duck, &c. All this, with nothing to pay, no lease to be asked, and nothing to be desired but an English dog! Everywhere in the forests are strange sights and strange birds, which have no fear of man, which whistle as one passes, and, though frightened for a moment at the report of one's gun, fly off for only a few yards, and then return and twitter and chirp as before.

The ants in Lapland are three times as large as our common ant. Their nests are hillocks of fir sprigs and rubbish, often four feet high, the inside a mass of eggs and ants; well-beaten roads diverge from them in every direction, like the lines of railway from London in Bradshaw. "These ants," says the writer, "cross the little streams and brooks by means of natural bridges. One day I was jumping over a brook, and brushed with my head and shoulders two willow branches which met over the water, in an instant I was covered with ants, which were making their way across the bridge which I had disturbed."

After the travelers had sojourned for a week at the pastor's house Captain Hutchinson wrote a note to him in his best Swedish, enclosing bank notes for twenty-seven shillings, for six days' board and lodging, and asking permission to remain another week. The pastor borrowed his



guest's dictionary, and although entirely unacquainted with English, concocted the following answer—

"MASTER CAPTAIN:—Much thanks for the generous payment. Master and Mistress fain may be here than one week!  
With humility, "L. LESTADIUS."

The travelers remained a fortnight, and were sorry to take leave of all but the mosquitoes. When one reads of the glorious scenery, the splendid weather, the simple, healthful life, the innocent, friendly, honest people, and the delightful rest and isolation from the turmoil of civilized life, with entire freedom from savagery, it is not surprising to learn that the travelers turned away with reluctance from Quickjock.

## HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

THAT is an old proverb, you know. We sometimes think it is repeated to young people too often; and that they may feel influenced to be honest *from policy merely*, and not from principle. To be honest from policy is to be honest because you will make something by such a course; to be honest from principle is to be honest because you believe honesty is *right*. What the old proverb means, though, we suppose, is that it is always the best policy to do right. It surely is, in the long run. Be honest, therefore, but have a principle under your policy.

Uncle Paul partly promised to give us another one of his "Curious Things in all Countries" for the boys and girls this week, but he has failed to do so (he says the young folks would excuse his failure readily if they knew the reason of it, but he does not tell the reason), and we will give in its stead this little story, which we first read a great many years ago, and which illustrates the bad result of a dishonest action:

One day the Duke of Buccleuch, a Scotch nobleman, bought a cow in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, where he lived. The cow was to be sent home the next morning. Early in the morning the Duke was taking a walk in a very common dress. As he went along, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his residence. The cow was very unruly, and the poor boy could not get on with her at all. The boy, not knowing the Duke, bawled out to him in broad Scotch accent,—

"Hie, mun, come here, and gie's a han' wi' this beast."  
The Duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress, "Come here, mun, and as sure as anything I'se gie ye half I get."

The Duke went and lent a helping hand.  
"And now," said the Duke, as they trudged along after the cow, "how much do you think you will get for the job?"

"I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o'something, for the folks at the big house are guid to a' bodies."

As they came to a lane near the house the Duke slipped away from the boy, and entered by a different way. Calling his butler, he put a sovereign in his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who has brought the cow."

He then returned to the end of the lane, where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back.

"Well, how much did you get?" asked the Duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "an there's half o' it to ye."

"But surely you had more than a shilling," said the Duke.

"No," said the boy, "sure that's a' I got; and d' ye think it's a plenty?"

"I do not," said the Duke; "there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the Duke, if you will return I think I'll get you more."

They went back. The Duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the Duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there with the apron," said he, pointing to the butler.

The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the Duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service immediately.

"You have lost," said the Duke, "your money, your situation and your character by your deceitfulness. Learn for the future, that *honesty is the best policy*."

The boy now found out who it was that helped him drive the cow; and the Duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy that he sent him to school, and provided for him at his own expense.—*Selected*.

## A HINDOO STORY.

A tiger, prowling in a forest, was attracted by a bleating calf. It was proved to be a bait, and the tiger found himself trapped in a spring cage. There he lay for two days, when a Bramin happened that way.

"O, Bramin!" piteously cried the beast, "have mercy upon me, and let me out of this cage."

"Ah! but you will eat me."  
"Eat you! Devour my benefactor! Never could I be guilty of such a deed," responded the tiger.

The Bramin, being benevolently inclined, was moved by these entreaties, and opened the door of the cage.

The tiger walked up to him, waved his tail, and said, "Bramin, prepare to die; I shall now eat you."

"O! how ungrateful, how wicked! Am I not your savior?" protested the trembling priest.

"True," said the tiger, "very true; but it is the custom of my race to eat men when we get the chance, and I cannot afford to let you go."

"Let us submit the case to an arbitrator," replied the Bramin. "Here comes a fox. The fox is wise; let us abide by his judgment."

"Very well," agreed the tiger.  
The fox assuming a judicial aspect, sat on his haunches with all the dignity he could muster, and, looking at the disputants said:

"Good friends, I am somewhat confused by the different accounts which you give of this matter; my mind is not clear enough to render equitable judgment; but if you will be good enough to act the whole transaction out before my eyes, I shall attain unto a more definite conception of the case. Do you, Mr. Tiger, show me just how you approached and entered that cage; and then do you, Mr. Bramin, show me how you liberated him; and I shall be able to render a proper decision."

They assented, for the fox was solemn and oracular. The tiger walked into the cage, the spring-door fell and shut him in. He was a prisoner inside.

The judicial expression faded from the fox's countenance, and, turning to the Bramin, he said: "Now you are all right, you silly Bramin. I advise you to go home as fast as you can, and abstain in future from doing favors to rascally tigers. Good morning, Bramin; good morning tiger."

WHAT MAKES HOME.—Beauty is a great thing; but beauty of garments, house, and furniture, is a very tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers of the world could gather together.



## Selected Poetry.

### THE BABY'S STOCKING.

"Hang up the baby's stocking,  
Be sure that you don't forget  
The dear, little dimpled darling.  
She never saw Christmas yet,  
But I've told her all about it,  
And she opened her big blue eyes,  
And I'm sure she understood me,  
She looked so funny and wise.

"Dear, dear, what a tiny stocking!  
It doesn't take much to hold  
Such little pink toes as baby's  
Away from the frost and cold.  
But then for the baby's Christmas,  
It never will do at all;  
Why, Santa Claus would'n't be looking  
For anything half so small.

"I know what we'll do for baby,  
I've thought of the very best plan;  
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,  
The longest that ever I can.  
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,  
Right in here in the corner, so,  
And write a letter to Santa,  
And fasten it on to the too.

"Write—'This is the baby's stocking  
That hangs in the corner here;  
You never have seen her, Santa,  
For she only came this year.  
But she's just the blissest baby,  
And now before you go,  
Just cram her stocking with goodies,  
From the top clear down to the too.'"

### THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

Listen to the kitchen clock!  
To itself it ever talks,  
From its place it never walks;  
"Tick-tock—tick-tock"—  
Tell me what it says.

"I'm a very patient clock;  
Never moved by hope or fear,  
Though I've stood for many a year;  
Tick-tock—tick-tock."  
That is what it says.

"I'm a very truthful clock;  
People say, about the place,  
Truth is written on my face;  
Tick-tock—tick-tock."  
That is what it says.

"I'm a very active clock;  
For I go while you're asleep,  
Though you never take a peep;  
Tick-tock—tick-tock."  
That is what it says.

"I'm a most obliging clock;  
If you wish to hear me strike,  
You may do it when you like;  
Tick-tock—tick-tock."  
That is what it says.

What a talkative old clock!  
Let us see what it will do  
When the pointer reaches two.  
"Ding-ding—tick-tock."  
That is what it says.

#### HOPE.

"The night is mother of the day;  
The winter of the spring;  
And ever upon old decay  
The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks;  
Through showers the sunbeams fall;  
For God, who loveth all his works,  
Has left his hope with all.

A CURL CUT OFF WITH AN AXE.—"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? Is it, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God?"

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care, because it speaks to me more of God and of His special care than any thing else I possess.

"I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke; and in the blindness which the sudden horror aroused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered; I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar could be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great was the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending upon my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms.

"That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed."

Be diligent and careful to improve the smallest shreds and broken ends of time.

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